

Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.
IRONTON, MISSOURI.

A GAME OF CHESS.

Yes, I love her most madly, but she shall not guess the state of my heart, while we calmly play chess. That she is my angel, she knows not, nor cares. As she opens the game with king's pawn two squares. And I answer her in the usual way. Not caring a straw to win the play. But thinking the rather how charming her look. As she looks that deep scheme and captures my king. She bends her fair head so it catches the light. And her hands are so pretty, so soft, and so white. But what she is blushing!—her play, too, has a queen. For I've taken her queen with queen's knight to his third. It must be she feels my unmanly stare. Or knows from my play that my mind is not there. But we move still more wildly—hardly can say. Whether white men or red are mine in the fray. And, indeed, I can't help it, but, silent no more, I'll tell her at once that her I adore.

That was long, long ago; and now, o'er our game we breathe of old, but with feelings more true. Yet, no matter what years to our lives may be fated, We'll forget not the game when both players were mated.

—Charles S. Greene, in The Californian.

[Copyrighted.]

VIOLA;

Thrice Lost in a Struggle for a Name.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

"Woman!" he cried, sternly, "it is your weakness that has encouraged him. You never enforced obedience. You always let him have his own head, and this is the result of your criminal folly."

"O Ben! I tried to do the best I could," she answered, meekly, never hinting by word or tone that there could be any possibility of his having ever been to blame.

He groped for a chair and sank into it heavily. With a woman's natural instinct, Myra Anderson put aside her own pain and tried to comfort him. She knew that his pride and temper were wounded, and so she said little, only dropping a word now and then with rare tact, making it always as favorable for her boy as she dared.

No one said much to Ben Anderson about his boy; they soon learned by the look in his face that it was not best. Only Tom Arnold told him that "in his opinion, no man had a right to set up his wishes against nature, and a man forced to take up a life against strong, repellent instincts, generally made a failure of it."

The summer grew bright, as so many summers had done before, but something dimmed its splendor, and cast a faint shadow over all the earth and air.

The days were so long and the nights so lonely at the pleasant prairie home, that Myra Anderson got nervous over their slow monotonous length. But by-and-by letters came from Ralph—gay, bright little letters, full of buoyant life, ardent anticipations and eager ambitions, with here and there little sudden veins of deep tenderness, that brought the blood to Myra Anderson's face with a quick, warm glow. But he said nothing. He listened to the letters with a white, immovable face, still very set and stern, whenever Ralph's name was mentioned. Very evidently he had not yet forgiven him.

But one day a rumor was mentioned in the newspapers that there had been a terrible gale on the South Atlantic coast, and a list of the vessels supposed to be lost was given, and among them the "North Star," Ben Anderson's ship. Ben Anderson heard it in the city. How he got home he never knew; he had no recollection of a step of the way. He walked into the room where his wife sat reading over some letters, a faint smile on her lips. She hid them hastily in her dress, blushing softly. But he did not see; he walked straight to the table and sat down, and buried his face in his hands.

"God in Heaven, have mercy!" broke in a sudden, agonized cry from his lips, the great drops of sweat coming out on his forehead like glistening beads.

"Ben! O my husband—what—what?" she stopped, half paralyzed with alarm and dread as a terrible, wild thought came crashing through her brain.

He pushed the crushed paper toward her—he had brought it all the way from Rockford crushed in his hand—and then broke into a fierce, wild storm of passionate weeping. Myra Anderson was nearly wild with terror. Never, even when their baby had died, had she seen her husband weep. It is something terrible when a strong man gives way to tears. A woman weeps softly and naturally, but when the depths of a strong, stern, rugged man's nature are broken up, it is like the fierce passion of the tornado in its intensity.

"He has punished me for my hardness—I wouldn't forgive him," he said, after he had grown calmer and they had talked it over. "O Ralph, my son! my son!"

"Did you ever think what strange ways God takes to break down these stubborn wills of ours? How, when love and tenderness fail, He sends the swiftest breath and the terrible, swift sword, to do His will; and then when our hearts are softened and broken, how tenderly He turns about and drops some great gift or joy into our lives?"

He hid this into Ben Anderson's in this way. Four weeks after that terrible rumor, came a letter from Ralph! There had been a terrible storm, he wrote, but they were in port at the time. Half a score of vessels went down, among them the "North Star," of New York.

CHAPTER VI.

Time, which never stands still, or waits, has dropped some more years into the bosom of eternity. I want you to step with me a moment into the home of the Andersons. There has been some change since we saw it last. There are evidences of prosperity, both externally

and internally. The old ambition of Myra Anderson in regard to "stuffed furniture," has been realized, and she no longer scours, as of old, the floor of her kitchen, where a pretty oil carpet reposes just now in suspicious newness. Here and there about the house are odd bits of curious bric-a-brac, and rare shells, and two or three pretty, foreign looking paintings in curiously carved frames, and a pretty little oval stand of brilliant mosaic, but the dearest and most beautiful thing of all in the eyes of Ben Anderson and his wife, is the picture of a handsome young fellow, in a rosewood and gilt frame, hanging over the mantel in the sitting-room. There is a broad sailor's collar turned away from the finely-turned, sinewy throat, and a loosely knotted handkerchief falling over the full chest. The heavy chestnut hair is thrown carelessly back from a broad, open forehead, as fair and white as a girl's. Taken altogether, there is something both winning and inspiring in the fresh, resolute face, and a stranger would instinctively feel drawn toward it. Is it any wonder then that Myra Anderson stopped every few minutes as she bustled about the pleasant, sunshiny room, and looked up at the picture, and wondered for the nine hundred and ninety-ninth time if he had changed much in these two years, and how her boy—these would always be a boy to her—would look with a beard, as he had written her he wore one now. She tried to fancy how he would look, and smiled softly to herself as she went about putting little touches here and there, that it might look pleasant and attractive to him, for he was to be there that noon—that very noon, she said over and over, in a little tumult of joyous delight.

Ralph had been home twice since he went away, for a little brief visit, but now he was coming home to stay all winter, and it seemed to the fond, happy mother that there was a new heaven and a new earth—everything was so beautiful and full of sweet peace. And then there was another thing: Ralph was coming home Captain—Captain Ralph Anderson!

Ben said "pshaw!" when she said the name over with its new title, but a faint color crept into his bronzed face, and a sudden light flamed in his grave eyes.

"Do you think we have changed much, Ben?" she asked, a little anxiously. "I mean so as to look strange to him."

"You haven't, Myra. You look as fresh as a girl, despite your forty-five years," he said, looking earnestly into the bright, excited face, which flushed like a girl's at the words of praise.

The lovely October air came in at the open door and lifted the iron-gray hair of Ben Anderson, and crept with a little shiver of delight through the fragrant geranium leaves in the window, and just touched, with careful fingers, the scented petals of the great creamy and pink roses on the mantel. Blanche Arnold had sent those over that morning from her father's conservatory.

Was there even a wonder, such an October day before?

All the long line of faintly indulating hills were cradled in golden mists. Far away the river glowed like a pale opal, and the city roofs and spires were faintly visible against the far-off amber blue skies.

At just twelve o'clock our old friend Ned Bradlee drove up to Ben Anderson's door with a pretty bran new buggy, bought especially for the occasion, and a lovely little span of chestnut colts driven tandem.

"I think, perhaps, I had better introduce you to Ned, for I haven't idea you would know him if I didn't. The idea, I think, has been cropped and brushed up over his case, (instead of straight behind them, as formerly,) and something—perhaps a change in climate—has changed the color from a pale sand color to a very lovely auburn-brown. The face is as fresh and fair as it was eight years ago, and you look in vain for a single place where the 'penicil of Time' has made so much as a single comma. He is a little stouter, and, to tell the truth, a little handsomer. He is dressed, too! I doubt if ever the sun reflected in a glossier beaver, or a more brilliant pair of boots; and I most know there were never such lovely trousers sported even on Broadway. Now, please don't guess that there was 'a woman in the case,' because by and by, when I get an opportunity, I want to tell you about it, and nothing in the world vexes me so as to find myself forestalled when I am intending to tell a secret."

Ned Bradlee had begged the opportunity of driving to the depot to meet Ralph, and Ben Anderson had consented, partly to please his old friend, and partly because he didn't care to have stranger eyes looking on when he met his boy.

"Well, I declare, Mrs. Anderson! You don't look more'n sixteen, and your cheeks are like pinks," he cried, making an awkward attempt to raise his beaver, as she came to the door. "What will the Capt say?"

"You won't stop to talk, will you, Ned, but drive right home as soon as the train gets in?" she said, eagerly, without noticing his salutation save by a heightened color.

"I'll be back by half-past one if the world stands; have a nice lot of dinner, 'cos you may have company; there's no knowin'! Any wants in town?"

"No, no!"

He made a feint of laughing at her eager impatience, but his voice had an odd, husky sound in it, altogether unusual.

How slow the hands moved over the dial! How many times, even before one o'clock, she went and stood in the south door, and looked off over the long prairie road, shading her eyes with her hand, and smiling softly to herself. And when at last, five minutes before the time, through the faint cloud of dust she saw a light carriage, with a pair of horses tandem, and saw there were two in it, how wildly her heart beat! And then her eyes grew suddenly misty. There was a little whirl of swift wheels, and like one in a blissful dream, she saw a form spring to the ground, and a moment more she was crying in the arms of a tall, broad-chested, handsome man, who kissed her over and over, while at the same moment he shook hands with his rather, and laughed happily, despite the tears in his handsome blue eyes.

"Ef I'd thought you would feel so sorry, and take on so, Mrs. Anderson, I'll be darned ef I'd brought the Capt here at all!" Ned exclaimed, blowing his nose vigorously.

"The same silly old dog," Ralph said, laughing. "Mother, what has come over Ned? He looks as if he had been made over new. I'll bet he's got a girl."

To Ralph's surprise the ruddy face grew several shades deeper. "What," he cried, "did that shot hit?"

"Never you mind, Capt'n," Ned replied, trying to look at ease, but still blushing like an Indian summer sunset.

Then the dinner was served—and such a dinner as it was! There was the nicest of salmon trout, which Ben Anderson had told the city boys to get, and stews, and roasts; and just the loveliest little pig, roasted whole, lying on his side in a great white platter with a bright blue edge, and looking ready to burst with happiness and pride that he, of all his mother's little snow-white, pink-nosed children, should have the honor to be eaten on this great occasion. And then the gravies and sauces and vegetables! And then, again, the pies and puddings—why if I were to tell them all it would take me half a day! Only this I will say: I don't believe there was ever before such a wonderful dinner, or ever quite such a happy, happy party as sat before it. And I am quite as sure as the admiring look in her eyes, that Myra Anderson thought there was not another mother in the wide world that had such a boy as hers!

I feel as if I ought to beg the reader's pardon for not before introducing him to the Montfords, of Montford House. The more so because they are the only "quality," par excellence, which the region round about could boast. Let me make haste to atone for my neglect, without a moment's delay.

First, then, there was Gilbert Montford, an English gentleman of great wealth, and the very bluest of blood. There was, next in order of importance, his agent, and confidential friend, Mr. Alfred De Vries, who had been born and educated in Paris. Then there were three children—Ralph, rather, they were children, only. Just at this time they were respectively twenty-six, twenty-four and twenty. Miss Althea Montford being the eldest, her sister Fannie next, and Victor, the brother, who was, as I just said, twenty.

Mr. Montford had been in the State something like nine years. He had one of the finest establishments in the country. Montford House was a sort of marvel to the simple republicans of the surrounding country. There were massive pieces of silver, which had been handed down for generations, some of it bearing heraldic devices which showed the greatness of its possessors. The Montford servants were livery, and the Montford crest—a rampant lion with an uplifted arm above it—was emblazoned on the panels of the family carriage. Altogether they were a very high-born, aristocratic family, with plenty of money, apparently, and, as a consequence, plenty of admirers.

If they were a little select in their associates no one thought of it with the feeling of indignation or annoyance with which they regarded the aristocratic pretensions of Jenkins Stubbs, Esq., whose father used to saw wood for a rather scanty living. Mr. Montford was to the manor born, and the descendant of lords and noblemen had something to be proud of, for say what we will, family and position are something, and Americans have a due respect for "the nobility."

Among the privileged visitors at the Montford House was Blanche Arnold. She had been intimate with the Montford young ladies ever since they came to the neighborhood. They were somewhat older than her, but Blanche was always mature and womanly, even when a small child, and so the difference in ages was not noticeable. Some people prophesied that she would marry Victor some day. She was nearly a year the oldest, but that was nothing where one had the grace and beauty and accomplishments that Miss Arnold possessed. It was very evident, also, that young Montford was very much interested in the young lady, and certainly it would be a good thing for her, who was, after all only the daughter of a simple American citizen.

If Blanche Arnold had been beautiful as a child, she was regal, as a woman. Despite his added years and experience, Ralph was still a little awestruck by her. She could still make him stammer and blush by one of her wonderful glances, and the touch of her white, velvet soft fingers, made him catch his breath with a sensation of being smothered in rose leaves.

Ralph was not a vain fellow, by any means, but he could not be quite blind to the admiration expressed in his cousin's shy, soft glances, half hidden by the drooping lashes which veiled their soft fire.

Perhaps it showed Miss Blanche Arnold's good taste—I think it did. Ralph Anderson was worthy of any woman's admiration, either mentally or physically. He had the resolute integrity and the unswerving loyalty to principle which characterized his Puritan ancestors, to which was added a broader faith and a more generous spirit. He was besides brave, resolute, ambitious and fearless; and yet withal tender and gentle of heart as a woman, sometimes. He was just the sort of fellow to win a woman's admiration, when to all this was added a handsome face, and a fine physique.

He had been at home a week when Blanche rode out one morning with an invitation for him to call at Montford House. The young ladies had been very anxious she should bring him, "they had, somehow, got an impression that he was something quite wonderful."

She just lifted her eyes, and dropped them hastily, but the look in them, and the faint flush that stained her cheek, gave a very pretty solution as to the agency by which they came to have such an impression. What young man of twenty-three, with blood in his veins, would have refused the invitation, proffered by so delicate a compliment from such a pretty woman? I should be quite ashamed of my hero if he had manifested such a fearful lack of gallantry; but I am happy to record that he did not.

It was a clear, crisp, frosty morning, and the prairies glittered in the sun like frosted emeralds. The cool air brought a faint rose-red to Blanche Arnold's creamy cheeks, and the wonderful gray eyes, with their changeable expression, sparkled and gleamed in the bewilderment way as they glanced, and dropped, and wavered, and said the most unutterable things that one pair of pretty eyes ever said.

They did not go direct to Montford House—it was early to call—but drove off across the prairie and down the river road, and Ralph, looking in the matchless face, under the glamour of those alluring eyes, thought he should be willing to ride on so forever.

But Miss Arnold was possessed of excellent judgment. She knew just how far to excite a sentiment, and have it keen and unsated. So presently she said, looking at her little jeweled watch! "I promised Althea to be there at eleven, and it lacks but ten minutes—we must hurry; I had no idea it was so late."

Montford House was a large, imposing house, with balconies and verandahs, giving it an air of taste and comfort and elegance. It sat back from the street a little, and was reached by a circular drive-way. A servant stood by the steps to take the horse when they drove up, and a moment more and the door was opened in response to their ring. Blanche raised her train of rustling silk and stepped in past the girl who stood holding open the door, without glancing at her; but Ralph involuntarily raised his eyes to her face—startled, colored, and then stopped short and stared at her with all his might.

Blanche dropped the voluminous folds of her dress, gave them a little dainty shake, and looked round. Just the faintest possible frown contracted her smooth brow. The girl saw it, and an angry red flamed in her face, whether at the young man's impudent stare, or the young lady's evident disapproval of it, one couldn't quite tell.

"Blanche, that girl looks as our little Viola did," he said, in a quick under tone, as they followed the girl to the parlor. "I fear I was rude, but I was so startled I forgot myself."

"No great harm done—she is only one of the servants, though a new one, I think," she answered, coolly and indifferently.

Just then they reached the parlor door, which the girl opened for Blanche, who was in advance, to enter. There was a little feminine bustle, during which Ralph stole another glance at the girl's face. It was white as if she was dead, and had such a strange look!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Characteristics of a Newfoundland City.

The first impressions of a stranger arriving at St. John are not of the most agreeable character, especially if he arrives in a drenching shower, and in the midst of it, while walking up a long slip or wooden pier, he is accosted by a custom-house official and requested to go with him into one of the company's sheds and have his baggage examined. Of course it is only a matter of form, but still it is annoying, and the chalk-mark sprawled over your valise or grip-sack is merely a symbol of power which both Governments could well dispense with during the summer season. The drive to the hotel is a very hilly one, and you feel grateful when the driver deposits you at the entrance, and you willingly pay him all he asks. The St. John hackman is not of the avaricious class, and for thirty cents he will take you up some steep places and over more than a hundred deeper runs than a Philadelphia John would condescend to for a couple of dollars. There are several first-class hotels here, and they all seem to be well patronized, the latest candidate for public favor being the Hotel Dufferin, on Charlotte street. It is located opposite the King's Park. Opposite the park, adjoining the Court-house, is an old graveyard, in which the bones of some of the first settlers are laid. It, too, is used as a park, for the dead who are here resting, awaiting the sound of the archangel's trumpet, seem to have been forgotten by their descendants. The memorial tablets, which are made of iron and set in the ground, are tumbling into ruin and decay, and present a very dark side in contrast to the handsomely laid out flower-beds and mounds across the pathway on the left. The inscriptions on some of these old tombstones are as odd as their designs. One tells of a lady who is the wife of a certain individual, but the first name of the husband has been erased by the sculptor's chisel, and a deep groove lets you fill in the name to suit yourself. A little way further on one reads of two boys who were upset in a boat while sailing in the bay, and bears date of nearly a century ago. Another stone tells us of a man who was and through deeper runs than a Philadelphia John would condescend to for a couple of dollars. There are several first-class hotels here, and they all seem to be well patronized, the latest candidate for public favor being the Hotel Dufferin, on Charlotte street. It is located opposite the King's Park. Opposite the park, adjoining the Court-house, is an old graveyard, in which the bones of some of the first settlers are laid. It, too, is used as a park, for the dead who are here resting, awaiting the sound of the archangel's trumpet, seem to have been forgotten by their descendants. The memorial tablets, which are made of iron and set in the ground, are tumbling into ruin and decay, and present a very dark side in contrast to the handsomely laid out flower-beds and mounds across the pathway on the left. The inscriptions on some of these old tombstones are as odd as their designs. One tells of a lady who is the wife of a certain individual, but the first name of the husband has been erased by the sculptor's chisel, and a deep groove lets you fill in the name to suit yourself. A little way further on one reads of two boys who were upset in a boat while sailing in the bay, and bears date of nearly a century ago. Another stone tells us of a man who was and through deeper runs than a Philadelphia John would condescend to for a couple of dollars. There are several first-class hotels here, and they all seem to be well patronized, the latest candidate for public favor being the Hotel Dufferin, on Charlotte street. It is located opposite the King's Park. Opposite the park, adjoining the Court-house, is an old graveyard, in which the bones of some of the first settlers are laid. It, too, is used as a park, for the dead who are here resting, awaiting the sound of the archangel's trumpet, seem to have been forgotten by their descendants. The memorial tablets, which are made of iron and set in the ground, are tumbling into ruin and decay, and present a very dark side in contrast to the handsomely laid out flower-beds and mounds across the pathway on the left. The inscriptions on some of these old tombstones are as odd as their designs. One tells of a lady who is the wife of a certain individual, but the first name of the husband has been erased by the sculptor's chisel, and a deep groove lets you fill in the name to suit yourself. A little way further on one reads of two boys who were upset in a boat while sailing in the bay, and bears date of nearly a century ago. Another stone tells us of a man who was and through deeper runs than a Philadelphia John would condescend to for a couple of dollars. There are several first-class hotels here, and they all seem to be well patronized, the latest candidate for public favor being the Hotel Dufferin, on Charlotte street. It is located opposite the King's Park. Opposite the park, adjoining the Court-house, is an old graveyard, in which the bones of some of the first settlers are laid. It, too, is used as a park, for the dead who are here resting, awaiting the sound of the archangel's trumpet, seem to have been forgotten by their descendants. The memorial tablets, which are made of iron and set in the ground, are tumbling into ruin and decay, and present a very dark side in contrast to the handsomely laid out flower-beds and mounds across the pathway on the left. The inscriptions on some of these old tombstones are as odd as their designs. One tells of a lady who is the wife of a certain individual, but the first name of the husband has been erased by the sculptor's chisel, and a deep groove lets you fill in the name to suit yourself. A little way further on one reads of two boys who were upset in a boat while sailing in the bay, and bears date of nearly a century ago. Another stone tells us of a man who was and through deeper runs than a Philadelphia John would condescend to for a couple of dollars. There are several first-class hotels here, and they all seem to be well patronized, the latest candidate for public favor being the Hotel Dufferin, on Charlotte street. It is located opposite the King's Park. Opposite the park, adjoining the Court-house, is an old graveyard, in which the bones of some of the first settlers are laid. It, too, is used as a park, for the dead who are here resting, awaiting the sound of the archangel's trumpet, seem to have been forgotten by their descendants. The memorial tablets, which are made of iron and set in the ground, are tumbling into ruin and decay, and present a very dark side in contrast to the handsomely laid out flower-beds and mounds across the pathway on the left. The inscriptions on some of these old tombstones are as odd as their designs. One tells of a lady who is the wife of a certain individual, but the first name of the husband has been erased by the sculptor's chisel, and a deep groove lets you fill in the name to suit yourself. A little way further on one reads of two boys who were upset in a boat while sailing in the bay, and bears date of nearly a century ago. Another stone tells us of a man who was and through deeper runs than a Philadelphia John would condescend to for a couple of dollars. There are several first-class hotels here, and they all seem to be well patronized, the latest candidate for public favor being the Hotel Dufferin, on Charlotte street. It is located opposite the King's Park. Opposite the park, adjoining the Court-house, is an old graveyard, in which the bones of some of the first settlers are laid. It, too, is used as a park, for the dead who are here resting, awaiting the sound of the archangel's trumpet, seem to have been forgotten by their descendants. The memorial tablets, which are made of iron and set in the ground, are tumbling into ruin and decay, and present a very dark side in contrast to the handsomely laid out flower-beds and mounds across the pathway on the left. The inscriptions on some of these old tombstones are as odd as their designs. One tells of a lady who is the wife of a certain individual, but the first name of the husband has been erased by the sculptor's chisel, and a deep groove lets you fill in the name to suit yourself. A little way further on one reads of two boys who were upset in a boat while sailing in the bay, and bears date of nearly a century ago. Another stone tells us of a man who was and through deeper runs than a Philadelphia John would condescend to for a couple of dollars. There are several first-class hotels here, and they all seem to be well patronized, the latest candidate for public favor being the Hotel Dufferin, on Charlotte street. It is located opposite the King's Park. Opposite the park, adjoining the Court-house, is an old graveyard, in which the bones of some of the first settlers are laid. It, too, is used as a park, for the dead who are here resting, awaiting the sound of the archangel's trumpet, seem to have been forgotten by their descendants. The memorial tablets, which are made of iron and set in the ground, are tumbling into ruin and decay, and present a very dark side in contrast to the handsomely laid out flower-beds and mounds across the pathway on the left. The inscriptions on some of these old tombstones are as odd as their designs. One tells of a lady who is the wife of a certain individual, but the first name of the husband has been erased by the sculptor's chisel, and a deep groove lets you fill in the name to suit yourself. A little way further on one reads of two boys who were upset in a boat while sailing in the bay, and bears date of nearly a century ago. Another stone tells us of a man who was and through deeper runs than a Philadelphia John would condescend to for a couple of dollars. There are several first-class hotels here, and they all seem to be well patronized, the latest candidate for public favor being the Hotel Dufferin, on Charlotte street. It is located opposite the King's Park. Opposite the park, adjoining the Court-house, is an old graveyard, in which the bones of some of the first settlers are laid. It, too, is used as a park, for the dead who are here resting, awaiting the sound of the archangel's trumpet, seem to have been forgotten by their descendants. The memorial tablets, which are made of iron and set in the ground, are tumbling into ruin and decay, and present a very dark side in contrast to the handsomely laid out flower-beds and mounds across the pathway on the left. The inscriptions on some of these old tombstones are as odd as their designs. One tells of a lady who is the wife of a certain individual, but the first name of the husband has been erased by the sculptor's chisel, and a deep groove lets you fill in the name to suit yourself. A little way further on one reads of two boys who were upset in a boat while sailing in the bay, and bears date of nearly a century ago. Another stone tells us of a man who was and through deeper runs than a Philadelphia John would condescend to for a couple of dollars. There are several first-class hotels here, and they all seem to be well patronized, the latest candidate for public favor being the Hotel Dufferin, on Charlotte street. It is located opposite the King's Park. Opposite the park, adjoining the Court-house, is an old graveyard, in which the bones of some of the first settlers are laid. It, too, is used as a park, for the dead who are here resting, awaiting the sound of the archangel's trumpet, seem to have been forgotten by their descendants. The memorial tablets, which are made of iron and set in the ground, are tumbling into ruin and decay, and present a very dark side in contrast to the handsomely laid out flower-beds and mounds across the pathway on the left. The inscriptions on some of these old tombstones are as odd as their designs. One tells of a lady who is the wife of a certain individual, but the first name of the husband has been erased by the sculptor's chisel, and a deep groove lets you fill in the name to suit yourself. A little way further on one reads of two boys who were upset in a boat while sailing in the bay, and bears date of nearly a century ago. Another stone tells us of a man who was and through deeper runs than a Philadelphia John would condescend to for a couple of dollars. There are several first-class hotels here, and they all seem to be well patronized, the latest candidate for public favor being the Hotel Dufferin, on Charlotte street. It is located opposite the King's Park. Opposite the park, adjoining the Court-house, is an old graveyard, in which the bones of some of the first settlers are laid. It, too, is used as a park, for the dead who are here resting, awaiting the sound of the archangel's trumpet, seem to have been forgotten by their descendants. The memorial tablets, which are made of iron and set in the ground, are tumbling into ruin and decay, and present a very dark side in contrast to the handsomely laid out flower-beds and mounds across the pathway on the left. The inscriptions on some of these old tombstones are as odd as their designs. One tells of a lady who is the wife of a certain individual, but the first name of the husband has been erased by the sculptor's chisel, and a deep groove lets you fill in the name to suit yourself. A little way further on one reads of two boys who were upset in a boat while sailing in the bay, and bears date of nearly a century ago. Another stone tells us of a man who was and through deeper runs than a Philadelphia John would condescend to for a couple of dollars. There are several first-class hotels here, and they all seem to be well patronized, the latest candidate for public favor being the Hotel Dufferin, on Charlotte street. It is located opposite the King's Park. Opposite the park, adjoining the Court-house, is an old graveyard, in which the bones of some of the first settlers are laid. It, too, is used as a park, for the dead who are here resting, awaiting the sound of the archangel's trumpet, seem to have been forgotten by their descendants. The memorial tablets, which are made of iron and set in the ground, are tumbling into ruin and decay, and present a very dark side in contrast to the handsomely laid out flower-beds and mounds across the pathway on the left. The inscriptions on some of these old tombstones are as odd as their designs. One tells of a lady who is the wife of a certain individual, but the first name of the husband has been erased by the sculptor's chisel, and a deep groove lets you fill in the name to suit yourself. A little way further on one reads of two boys who were upset in a boat while sailing in the bay, and bears date of nearly a century ago. Another stone tells us of a man who was and through deeper runs than a Philadelphia John would condescend to for a couple of dollars. There are several first-class hotels here, and they all seem to be well patronized, the latest candidate for public favor being the Hotel Dufferin, on Charlotte street. It is located opposite the King's Park. Opposite the park, adjoining the Court-house, is an old graveyard, in which the bones of some of the first settlers are laid. It, too, is used as a park, for the dead who are here resting, awaiting the sound of the archangel's trumpet, seem to have been forgotten by their descendants. The memorial tablets, which are made of iron and set in the ground, are tumbling into ruin and decay, and present a very dark side in contrast to the handsomely laid out flower-beds and mounds across the pathway on the left. The inscriptions on some of these old tombstones are as odd as their designs. One tells of a lady who is the wife of a certain individual, but the first name of the husband has been erased by the sculptor's chisel, and a deep groove lets you fill in the name to suit yourself. A little way further on one reads of two boys who were upset in a boat while sailing in the bay, and bears date of nearly a century ago. Another stone tells us of a man who was and through deeper runs than a Philadelphia John would condescend to for a couple of dollars. There are several first-class hotels here, and they all seem to be well patronized, the latest candidate for public favor being the Hotel Dufferin, on Charlotte street. It is located opposite the King's Park. Opposite the park, adjoining the Court-house, is an old graveyard, in which the bones of some of the first settlers are laid. It, too, is used as a park, for the dead who are here resting, awaiting the sound of the archangel's trumpet, seem to have been forgotten by their descendants. The memorial tablets, which are made of iron and set in the ground, are tumbling into ruin and decay, and present a very dark side in contrast to the handsomely laid out flower-beds and mounds across the pathway on the left. The inscriptions on some of these old tombstones are as odd as their designs. One tells of a lady who is the wife of a certain individual, but the first name of the husband has been erased by the sculptor's chisel, and a deep groove lets you fill in the name to suit yourself. A little way further on one reads of two boys who were upset in a boat while sailing in the bay, and bears date of nearly a century ago. Another stone tells us of a man who was and through deeper runs than a Philadelphia John would condescend to for a couple of dollars. There are several first-class hotels here, and they all seem to be well patronized, the latest candidate for public favor being the Hotel Dufferin, on Charlotte street. It is located opposite the King's Park. Opposite the park, adjoining the Court-house, is an old graveyard, in which the bones of some of the first settlers are laid. It, too, is used as a park, for the dead who are here resting, awaiting the sound of the archangel's trumpet, seem to have been forgotten by their descendants. The memorial tablets, which are made of iron and set in the ground, are tumbling into ruin and decay, and present a very dark side in contrast to the handsomely laid out flower-beds and mounds across the pathway on the left. The inscriptions on some of these old tombstones are as odd as their designs. One tells of a lady who is the wife of a certain individual, but the first name of the husband has been erased by the sculptor's chisel, and a deep groove lets you fill in the name to suit yourself. A little way further on one reads of two boys who were upset in a boat while sailing in the bay, and bears date of nearly a century ago. Another stone tells us of a man who was and through deeper runs than a Philadelphia John would condescend to for a couple of dollars. There are several first-class hotels here, and they all seem to be well patronized, the latest candidate for public favor being the Hotel Dufferin, on Charlotte street. It is located opposite the King's Park. Opposite the park, adjoining the Court-house, is an old graveyard, in which the bones of some of the first settlers are laid. It, too, is used as a park, for the dead who are here resting, awaiting the sound of the archangel's trumpet, seem to have been forgotten by their descendants. The memorial tablets, which are made of iron and set in the ground, are tumbling into ruin and decay, and present a very dark side in contrast to the handsomely laid out flower-beds and mounds across the pathway on the left. The inscriptions on some of these old tombstones are as odd as their designs. One tells of a lady who is the wife of a certain individual, but the first name of the husband has been erased by the sculptor's chisel, and a deep groove lets you fill in the name to suit yourself. A little way further on one reads of two boys who were upset in a boat while sailing in the bay, and bears date of nearly a century ago. Another stone tells us of a man who was and through deeper runs than a Philadelphia John would condescend to for a couple of dollars. There are several first-class hotels here, and they all seem to be well patronized, the latest candidate for public favor being the Hotel Dufferin, on Charlotte street. It is located opposite the King's Park. Opposite the park, adjoining the Court-house, is an old graveyard, in which the bones of some of the first settlers are laid. It, too, is used as a park, for the dead who are here resting, awaiting the sound of the archangel's trumpet, seem to have been forgotten by their descendants. The memorial tablets, which are made of iron and set in the ground, are tumbling into ruin and decay, and present a very dark side in contrast to the handsomely laid out flower-beds and mounds across the pathway on the left. The inscriptions on some of these old tombstones are as odd as their designs. One tells of a lady who is the wife of a certain individual, but the first name of the husband has been erased by the sculptor's chisel, and a deep groove lets you fill in the name to suit yourself. A little way further on one reads of two boys who were upset in a boat while sailing in the bay, and bears date of nearly a century ago. Another stone tells us of a man who was and through deeper runs than a Philadelphia John would condescend to for a couple of dollars. There are several first-class hotels here, and they all seem to be well patronized, the latest candidate for public favor being the Hotel Dufferin, on Charlotte street. It is located opposite the King's Park. Opposite the park, adjoining the Court-house, is an old graveyard, in which the bones of some of the first settlers are laid. It, too, is used as a park, for the dead who are here resting, awaiting the sound of the archangel's trumpet, seem to have been forgotten by their descendants. The memorial tablets, which are made of iron and set in the ground, are tumbling into ruin and decay, and present a very dark side in contrast to the handsomely laid out flower-beds and mounds across the pathway on the left. The inscriptions on some of these old tombstones are as odd as their designs. One tells of a lady who is the wife of a certain individual, but the first name of the husband has been erased by the sculptor's chisel, and a deep groove lets you fill in the name to suit yourself. A little way further on one reads of two boys who were upset in a boat while sailing in the bay, and bears date of nearly a century ago. Another stone tells us of a man who was and through deeper runs than a Philadelphia John would condescend to for a couple of dollars. There are several first-class hotels here, and they all seem to be well patronized, the latest candidate for public favor being the Hotel Dufferin, on Charlotte street. It is located opposite the King's Park. Opposite the park, adjoining the Court-house, is an old graveyard, in which the bones of some of the first settlers are laid. It, too, is used as a park, for the dead who are here resting, awaiting the sound of the archangel's trumpet, seem to have been forgotten by their descendants. The memorial tablets, which are made of iron and set in the ground, are tumbling into ruin and decay, and present a very dark side in contrast to the handsomely laid out flower-beds and mounds across the pathway on the left. The inscriptions on some of these old tombstones are as odd as their designs. One tells of a lady who is the wife of a certain individual, but the first name of the husband has been erased by the sculptor's chisel, and a deep groove lets you fill in the name to suit yourself. A little way further on one reads of two boys who were upset in a boat while sailing in the bay, and bears date of nearly a century ago. Another stone tells us of a man who was and through deeper runs than a Philadelphia John would condescend to for a couple of dollars. There are several first-class hotels here, and they all seem to be well patronized, the latest candidate for public favor being the Hotel Dufferin, on Charlotte street. It is located opposite the King's Park. Opposite the park, adjoining the Court-house, is an old graveyard, in which the bones of some of the first settlers are laid. It, too, is used as a park, for the dead who are here resting, awaiting the sound of the archangel's trumpet, seem to have been forgotten by their descendants. The memorial tablets, which are made of iron and set in the ground, are tumbling into ruin and decay, and present a very dark side in contrast to the handsomely laid out flower-beds and mounds across the pathway on the left. The inscriptions on some of these old tombstones are as odd as their designs. One tells of a lady who is the wife of a certain individual, but the first name of the husband has been erased by the sculptor's chisel, and a deep groove lets you fill in the name to suit yourself. A little way further on one reads of two boys who were upset in a boat while sailing in the bay, and bears date of nearly a century ago. Another stone tells us of a man who was and through deeper runs than a Philadelphia John would condescend to for a couple of dollars. There are several first-class hotels here, and they all seem to be well patronized, the latest candidate for public favor being the Hotel Dufferin, on Charlotte street. It is located opposite the King's Park. Opposite the park, adjoining the Court-house, is an old graveyard, in which the bones of some of the first settlers